

CHAIRSHOTS

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SHOOTKICK

by Jeff Bowdren

I begin my P.P.V. diary, notebook, dossier-whatever the hell Barry wants to call it, a few days before the gala extravaganza. I'm curious as to what to expect this weekend, since I'm mostly psyched about seeing old friends and not because I'm thrilled at the prospect of seeing Hogan & Flair hook it up. Admit it-5 years ago this was the match everyone was dying to see, but am I the only one getting a feeling of general apathy towards the match?

Saturday morning 9:05AM

Flaherty's late. Big surprise if you know him. Then he has no gas or money. The lifestyles of a professional gambler. He's even more hilarious in traffic than my sister-in-law. "You're a moron" becomes the phrase of the day. He's telling me about meeting some woman in a bar. You know what they say-those you can, do. Those who don't-talk about it. We go to the wrong Holiday Inn. Must be-the girl at the front counter says "Jimmy Berkley-never heard of him".

Well we finally get there. It's 1:00pm and Dave has already wolfed down five sandwiches. How come this guy weighs less than me? Speaking of weight, we run into Lemieux (OUCH!) & Hitchcock in the lobby. Berkley was a great host and really took care of us. While we're sitting there eating lunch, this Irish guy comes walking up to us and asks if we've ever heard of a blues guitarist named Steve Earle-don't ask me, we couldn't figure out why he came up and started bothering us either-Flaherty began spewing his vast knowledge of anything to do with the music industry, which for once we didn't mind since it meant we didn't have to talk with the guy. A great story was going around about Fred Ottman. After the infamous angle with the Shockmaster, Ottman was supposedly heard to say, "Man...my gimmick sucks". Naturally, as with any hardcore get-together, the stories are flying fast and furious. Here's a few for the books: Hitch tells a great story about former North Carolina indy promoter Johnny Hunter, who died a few years back. Hunter was one of those small time guys who usually drew houses of maybe 100 people if he was lucky. So this one night, in one of those inexplicable occurrences, the promotion does a show where like 400 people show up. So before the show starts, Hunter is working in the office, going over receipts or whatever, and suddenly falls back over in his chair turning blue in the face. Someone runs into the dressing room and tells one of the guys in the main event what has happened. He reportedly says "Oh, just let him be for awhile-he's always doing that" Well, after about 5 minutes of big Johnny not moving, someone figures out that calling an ambulance may not be such a bad idea. Too late-Hunter dies on the night of his biggest house ever. Is that what they call going out on top?

Which reminded me of a story of mine (Hey, shut up-its a quick one!) from when I was about 13 or so-there's a big blow off match at the Miami Beach between Buddy Colt & Paul Jones. It's a "lights out" match-so hey, I'm just a kid and I need someone to take me and I ask my older brother Chip to take me. He says no, because (get this) "why would you want to go see that match-if the lights are off you won't be able to see anything." Hey folks, you can pick your friends-not your relatives.

We run into Robert Fuller in the lobby-5 star scar tissue on the forehead-pretty impressively grisly. Lemieux continues to insist that he doesn't weigh more than I do. Talk about your Kay-Fabes!

Sunday morning

I have a 5-star headache. No I didn't go and try and enter a drinking contest or anything-I've got one of those oh-so-nasty "headrush" headaches, which if you're a heckler of any merit, you'll know what I'm talking about. The headaches were brought on by a night of fun with the "disciples of comedy", which were presented by the syndicated "Ron & Ron" radio show. They were co-sponsors of the P.P.V. by the way. Anyway, the show was hilarious with the guys all doing routines of which would, I'm sure, upset the moral code of certain people with the initials S.T. who get a little bit snitty when I include a curse word in my column. Fuck 'em. Anyway, beloved legal advisor to CHAIRSHOTS Christopher Qualmann makes his initial weekend appearance, with Cactus Jack in tow. C.J. talks about his injuries in somewhat graphic detail (more graphic than we care to hear actually) about loss of bodily functions, etc, if he continues to wrestle. That'll sure put a damper on your day! He mentions his initial disappointment at the reviews his match with Sabu in Philly got-until, he says, Paul E. told him that half of the crowd was expecting one of them to actually die, so why wouldn't they be disappointed? (And you degenerates in Philly think we're sick!) C.J. also told us that he has one of Hitch's posters hanging on the wall of his basement. My big man from G'Boro is a star! Flaherty began apologizing to Cactus about something or other, so I knew he had driven right off the old road to sobriety. Lemieux & Berkley were being total marks for the guys from the "Ron & Ron" show. The comedy show was a total blast, and it was always good to see Cactus, who's a super nice guy who unfortunately is being totally screwed over by those oh-so-astute

idiots in the WCW front office-you know, Jack just isn't dedicated enough for their liking, isn't willing to put his body on the line for the good of the promotion, etc. Well, that has to be it, doesn't it? He tells us in closing that it looks like he won't be appearing on the show and will probably be replaced by Brian Pillman. Now, don't get me wrong, I think Pillman's a great worker, but having him team with Sullivan doesn't really excite me that much. If Cactus is out, coupled with the oh-so-stupid angle they've created to keep Sting off the show (what exactly was it? A scratched cornea, a detached retina, pink-eye, or maybe a dirty contact lense? You never know where Sherri's hands have been....I'm sorry, that was a low blow) We receive our 1st report of a donnybrook at the pre-P.P.V. party at the Residence Inn. Reportedly, Brad Armstrong (shouldn't this guy be main eventing in Smokey Mountain or something?) got into a verbal altercation with Arn Anderson. Brad's brother Brian, he of the "confirmed kills" in the Gulf War, comes over to try and calm Brad down and the word we get is that it was fist city in the parking lot between the pride of Bullet Bob's loins. Their eventually seperated-Brad is sent back to his hotel, and on the way-he jumps out of the car (not sure if it was moving) and goes after his brother again! (By the way, my #1 rule when it comes to getting into a fight in a parking lot is to never, under any circumstance, get into it with someone who has "confirmed kills") Anyway, it was supposed to be a wild scene and had us wondering if Brad was auditioning for the lead role in the next movie about the Menendez Bros.

We finally head to the soon to be famous & or legendary "House of Babes", which is reportedly receiving mail from one guy who goes there so much-not that I'm a name dropper or anything. Actually the name of the place could've been "House of Chunky Babes", since about 5 of the "workers" were a good Buck-40 or over. Ron & I suddenly realize there something else we have in common besides wrestling & hoops. The L.M. Truth Fairy got his three "lappers" from the heaviest one at the place. And don't give me any shit about mine man, because someone else paid for it! Qualmann, Mr.-Friggin-High-Class, says he didn't go because the broads at H.O.B. are "too low class"-well excuse the hell out of us! Some of us appreciate the qualities that your Tonya Hardings bring to the table. But I can't totally bad mouth a guy who was responsible for getting Cactus back on the P.P.V., even if he was in the worst match.

We start off the day of the show going to Denny's for the old "Colossal Cholestral Special"-we can feel our arteries beginning to harden as we speak. Lemieux returns from his "breakfast of guilt" with his wife and kids (and I hope you weren't hand feeding your wife any "finger foods"-if you know what I mean and I think you do) returns with Klone, who has momentarily emerged from under the mushroom, or whatever the hell that story was. Klone announces that he has received a written contract from his wife that their next son will be named Brody, in honor of the barking bad boy. I'm pretty sure my wife will not go for "Chigusa" if we ever have a girl. Klone claims ignorance about reports of heat between the two of us. Our editor is always trying to get something going! We run into Shannon Rose, Paul Spiegel and some guy who looks like, but was not, Bobby R. Yates. Hitch was disappointed, saying that its always good to see one of those wacky Shiite guys. So Hitch has been working on his signs-which were great by the way-and Spiegel walks in and says "Hey man, you should've used blue ink instead". Thanks for the imput-loved the tiedye shirt. Oh, and Shannon-lose the kay fabe handshake-I'm not Ed Farhat and neither are you. Then we're off to Hooters for a little World Cup action-a final that ends in a shootout? Sounds like a Dusty finish to me! Flaherty's starting to get warmed up-how come I always get stuck with this guy at the P.P.V.'s? I'll have to remember to thank Barry for pulling the no-show on me.

Post P.P.V.-The show comes across great live-tremendous emotion and heat.

I'm still trying to understand why that goof Mr. T was on the show. Brings new meaning to the term "useless"-which could also be said for weasel/leech/hanger-on/shill/brown-noser Jimmy "Hard to believe I'm the same guy who was the Observer's Manager of the Year 5 years running" Hart. What a bloodsucker! The kids in front of us were hilarious. One of them announced to us that "he knew everything" and then, after Hogan missed the legdrop, turns to me and screams "Oh my God! That's only the 2nd time in history he's ever missed!" I asked him to tell me when was the 1st and be damn quick about it. He thinks real hard and says "Ultimate Warrior, Ultimate Warrior!" You are absolutely right! (Yeah, like I know or, more importantly, care) We're hanging in the lobby after the card and I see this Japanese kid walk by- I scream "Inoki boy, Inoki boy!" He turns and laughs, but when I yelled "Liger, Liger" he walked up to us and asked us how we knew about Liger-of such things are potential tape trades done! Turns out this guy, who's name was Nori, works at the Japanese pavilion at Epcot and is returning to Japan in September-and he's missed a ~~lot~~ of Japan wrestling, which he's only been able to follow thru the magazines! Dollar signs quickly go off in my head, while every guy there begins to try and make his own deal with the guy, who's getting bombarded with requests-Flaherty breaks up the monotony of wrestling talk by asking the guy if he likes tit bars. What a class act! Party afterwards was pretty cool as Eaton, Double A, Mike Graham and Gary Capeta were in attendance. Hitch introduced himself to Arn, who made John's year by saying "Hey! Your one of my boys from Greensboro!" Flaherty, Mr. No Shame himself, shoots the crap with Graham, who he has claimed to hate for years. Mike reportedly revealed to Dave that he has 5,000 hours of Florida wrestling that he's sitting on. Supposedly said that he'd love to sell it, but..... (get this!) He doesn't think anyone would be interested! You know how people say that being in the biz slurs your perception of reality? Perfect example. But the big man that night was old Gary Michael Capetski, who seemed genuinely interested in what we thought of the show, and who admitted to being a closet Front Row Section D fan. Real nice guy.

My one question about the P.P.V., and the future of WCW is this-will the people who went to the show just to see Hogan (the casual fans) come back to see the next WCW show if Hogan's not on it? Did they enjoy the rest of the crew enough to return? Flair reportedly told the guys in the dressing room that it was the most important show of his 20 years in the business. It's going to be an interesting next six months.

Some final words to the boys:

Dave Flaherty: Dave we like-the Bitch Magnet we're not sure about.

Hitch: Thanks for the tapes and the Johnny Hunter stories-oh, and lets not forget that classic story about a certain Minnesota based editor and his visit to the sleazy underbelly of the big Apple.

Klon: Brody Herron? I like it!

Ron: Chunky women need love too man, am I right? Glad to see you and your notes got out of the mental hospital in time for the show!

Tony Aragona: ...and I'm Joooooooooooo McHugh!

Jimmy B.: The fucking Man! Thanks for the 1st class treatment-let's get Theresa that employee of the month award! Reggie Bennett!

Barry: Not just a figment of our imaginations, but an actual person! Taking care of business at home comes first, but you missed a blast man!

Thanks alot Barry. When you asked me to do a one page report on the Bash At The Beach weekend I didn't know Bowdren was doing four pages. So now I have to hope I'm not repetitive. Not only that but with four pages for our shoo-kick master to come up with, his antennae were out in full force hanging on my every word looking for something to bash me with.

In any case the weekend started innocently enough by picking up John Hitchcock at the airport on Saturday. John by the way was the only person coming in from out of state out of our generation of hardcores. On our way to the hotel we lamented why not more people were coming in for this show. When we checked into the hotel we saw Holiday Inn General Manager and WCW official Jim Berkley. If it's not said nine times in this column it should be. Thank you to Jimmy who treated us like kings throughout the weekend with free sandwiches, sodas, and beer (most of which was consumed by Dave Flaherty of course.) We then saw Monsieurs Bowdren and Flaherty arrive and we went into Jimmy's pool bar for some food and conversation. The afternoon was spent like most get togethers of years past and that is bullshitting about our fave pastime while the backdrop of a wrestling video plays on the VCR. These tapes were special though. Hitch brought along some of the old Crockett collection that James E. had saved from the chicken scraps. That night the five of us (Jeff, Dave Hitch, Jimmy, and myself went to the Ron & Ron comedy show that was going on at 9 and 11. Mr. Berkley worked his magic again. We already had tickets but the line snaked around the building and it looked like we may be part of SRO. Jimmy went to talk to Denise wearing his WCW staff shirt. Denise is an executive assistant for Ron & Ron. He asked her if there was any way for us to skate the line. She proceeded to let us in the side door and there we were at a table feet from the stage. No word on how many pinfalls Berkley owes Denise for that move. The show was absolutely hilarious. The highlight though was afterwards as we hung around and got to meet all the characters from Ron & Ron. Believe me that I am a bigger mark for Ron & Ron than I am wrestling. Chris Qualmann showed up for the 11:00 show with Cactus Jack in tow. (By the way, you can thank Chris for Jack wrestling on the PPV as up until 2 hours before the show, they had pulled Cactus over some medical problem. But legal beagle Qualmann met with Gary Juster and hammered it out.) When Jack saw me he said, Hey Ron, who in the sheets don't like you? I told him he must be talking about that guy that worked on his mouth, my good friend Mike Lano. He said he liked Mike but could see why some people wouldn't. He then told us a hilarious story about another good friend of mine Dave Penzer, WCW Main Event and house show announcer. Apparently Penzer had pulled the "pull the chair out from them before they sit down trick" on jobber Ian Weston who took the bump. Weston who doesn't seem to have a good sense of humor returned the favor later by giving Penzer a back suplex while Dave was sitting in a chair...chair and all. Penzer broke his collarbone and while they were wheeling Dave out he was whimpering, "Don't fire me, don't fire me." Penzer you better not lose your job because I'LL BE THERE TO SNATCH IT UP. Oh, my wife Cheryl just walked in the room as I'm typing this. Hi honey. After the comedy show we went to the Coffee Hut for some capaccino.

I stayed over Saturday night but made my way home Sunday morning to take my family out to breakfast. Hey, I was 20 minutes from home and I stayed in a darn hotel, the least I could do was visit with my kin for a couple of hours. Klon met me at my house at noon and off we went back to the hotel. Sunday afternoon was spent making posters for the PPV and visiting with our pals from Tampa: Paul Spiegel and Shannon Rose who get second place for non PPV brawl next to the Armstrong brothers. Before the PPV we went to Hooters to eat, watch some of the world cup and look at boo....Oh, hi again Cheryl, books. You already know about the show, results etc so heres the stuff you didn't see. Some of the posters we made read: Doug Dillenger Fan Club which Doug chuckled at, "Who Is Eric Dishoff" in reference to a huge newspaper column about the show in the Saturday local paper. The column always referred to Bishoff as Dishoff. A dollar bill that had Arn's face in the circle. It read, "In Arn We Trust", another poster said, "Give Them A Chairshot". "Flair Is God" and the last one which Klon gets the kahunas of the night award for holding this up at the beginning and end of the Flair-Hogan bout, "Hogan Just Say No." Some of the lines of the night were the following: "I would needle Hogan but he'll do it himself."-Dave Flaherty. "They'll never pants Hogan because he has a pin cushion down there."-Dave. Where's Beefcake, parasailing?-Jeff This got groans from lots of people around us. "Come on Austin, Lady Blossom needs a new pair of shoes."-Dave.....Klon asked me if his bet was still on from the Rumble in Miami a couple of years ago. Back then in a hotel bar, Klon asked me how much I'd pay him if he threw a drink in Haku's face. Not the funeral bill man. We saw some signs from afar that buddy Tony Aragona first pointed out. Some read, Hi to Jubie Jay in Sushiland, Long live the DKLA, Even I Could Do That For \$300,000. We were rolling and had to find out who these guys were. Running out of space. They were Dave Prazak's pals from N.J. Oh no Tony, we gotta go.....

We just came back from commercial break. Sorry Barry but I need more space. Give Bowdren just three pages. After the show we went to the post party at the hotel headquarters. We mingled with the WCW road crew and guys like Arn Anderson, Bill Dundee, Frank Anderson, Jimmy Golden, Reggie Bennett and her sister (what was her name Jimmy?), Bobby Eaton, Mike Graham, Jesse Ventura, Fez and Flipper from the Ron & Ron show and my fave of the night Gary Michael Cappetta who besides Cactus is probably the nicest guy I've met in the business. We talked about how he started out in the old WWWF and good old days of the northeast Vince Sr. territory. We ended the night with a stop at 7-11 and a quick discussion before calling it a night and weekend. It was great seeing the people that came including my roomie for weekend John Hitchcock. Thanks pal for not mistaking my butt for 2 pillows. Also of course good to see Bowdren (whos getting to be the size of Reggie Bennett every day), Flaherty (King of the one-liners on PPV night), Klon (don't ever tell him not to hold up a sign), and my usual live show and PPV TV party members Chris Qualmann, Tony Aragona, and James E. Berkley. It doesn't matter how many people come to these get togethers, they are always a blast. Next get together here in Florida is thw weekend of 1/20/95 for the Royal Rumble in Tampa. Make plans now. They have great cappacino shops in Tampa. See ya.

THE

RAZORS

EDGE

*** WCW BASH AT THE BEACH SPECIAL EDITION ***
(and assorted other views)

Amongst the Brazilian tourists, many of the WCW guys and Bowdren, Lemieux, Flaherty, Hitchcock and Klon roamed my hotel and caused surprisingly less havoc than expected. They were all their for World something, either to sweat profusely among 65,000 fans outdoors to watch 90 minutes for 1 or 2 stinking high spots (GOAAAAAAAL!!!) to lay claim to a Cup and some were here to be part of the event that 16,000 people blew the doors off of the Orlando Arena for the World title, presented by World Championship Wrestling. There was little left to prove after Hulkamania literally ran wild before my eyes (I swear I never thought I'd use that cliché but folks it truly describes the Bash). Hulk Hogan has been beat to death by the sheets and the WWF over the last year but Hogan can give them all the middle finger boyz 'cause, cause, cause, you just had to be there! I wonder if it looks the same on tape because it was the most phenomenal wrestling activity I have ever been involved in or even seen! I'm not saying Hogan is Flair, I'm just saying he sells tickets, sells ppv's, sells books, shirts, etc. In other words, he creates cash flow and revenues. Ask Vince, he may not admit it exactly the way I'm saying it but the WWF made Hogan in 1984 then Hogan made the WWF up until his departure. Vince dropped the ball (which he rarely does) with the Flair/Hogan deal a few years back. Eric didn't boys. Eric Bischoff takes alot shit in the sheets but he did indeed lay the golden egg at the Bash. He was beaming in the dressing rooms and I am proud for him. I am hopeful the guy can have one solid week of gratitude from people before the next TORCH hits the mailbox and picks apart his show..... A lot of you beyond Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas don't know about nor give a shit about the Ron & Ron show, a radio syndie show with some great characters, but I totally marked out for these guys. The comedy show we went to the night before was a scream, we met all the Ron & Ron guy's and then talked to them more the next night at the Arena. Awesome guys man is all I can say, they invited me to come to the Tampa studio next week live. I'm there dude! Ron & Ron rule, Stern sux!.....Austin/Steamboat had more oohs and aahs from the crowd than any match except Flair/Hogan which the crowd remained rabid the entire 30 minutes. All in all, everyone was pretty happy with their respective matches. Did the place pop for Arn's turn or what? They wanted to kill 'em man. It's been sometime since I saw many of the various types of crowd reactions seen. Even Hogan's wife popped on one of Steamboats 2 3/4 counts, which is tremendous when you get someone whose smart to forget for a minute. I do sometimes and I think that's what the lure of the sport is all about. It was cool to meet Shaq and Mr. T. I know many think T's a has been but he's out there like all of us trying to make a living man. Let's give people a break sometime and just dump all the shit on the ones who universally deserve it like for instance Mark Madden who crucified WCW for fuckin' years, they never could do nuthin' right for the big prick, and now he works for 'em on the 900#! Remember a column I did awhile back about shilling for the right price and a couple people wrote in saying 'Oh not me, I wouldn't'? I'd sellout! Just like the next guy for damn near anything for the right price but Jesus retain a little dignity while you're doing it! Speaking of 900#, I enjoyed doing a portion of it live during the Bash with Chris Cruise and Mark Tenay. Thanks for the invite on that guys.....I really can't let a opportunity pass since I don't write on a regular basis anymore. Ya'll don't even believe the shit any sheet, including this one, that is said about Jody Hamilton. He is one of the more sincere individuals in this sport of adolescent adults and really wants to help the new guys, who need guidance since many established stars can't, don't or won't help them. He is an integral part of the WCW operation, drew more heat and money in his prime in one year than many today ever will so I don't think all the cute ass poems and jokes are funny 'cause you just don't know 'em. Maybe I'm just being protective since he's helped me out in this business but fuck, lay off of him guys.....Speaking of prior columns, who wrote about a gangsta rap team angle from South Central awhile back? Cornette knows a good angle when he reads it..... Flaherty, you're right, Flair is God! Did y'all see Flair just quietly roll out after the pin to let Hogan soak it all up? That's true professionalism at it's finest. We need more of that in this business.....Jason from ECW, somebody pick this guy up fast! Either WCW or WWF could polish him into a tremendous heel manager role. What are they waiting on?....Barry, you're slowly becoming outnumbered! I have almost converted Bowdren and Lemieux to the '155' club bro. You don't know what you're missing pal!.....The final reflection for me is as follows: July, 1984 Aiken, South Carolina, I ref for the first time in an outlaw show in front of about 23 people. July, 1994 Orlando, FL. I ref at the WCW Flair/Hogan Bash, 16,000 screaming fans and ppv, I made it Dad, I really made it!!!!!!

ECW AFFAIRS

by Dave Scherer

A different Usual Gang of Idiots went to the ECW Arena/Bingo Parlor on Saturday, 7/16. In my group were longtime friend and hardcore Gary Zinak (who says hi to all his pals and is getting married in November: congrats bud), The Rat, Iron Mike Pelij, Big John, and of course, yours truly. Somewhere near the beginning of the show, Gary who has eyes like a friggin' hawk, noticed that Dave Meltzer was also in attendance. After the show, Dave told me he came to New York for the McMahon trial and decided to make the trip down to Philly for a night that words can't really describe. I will try to do my best to recap the show, but you really need to come to the Arena to get the full flavor of show. Before the show, they did a tribute to Joey Marrella. Classy guys.

In the opener, we had the Bad Breed, who the Rat called "The InterBreed" take on the team of The Rebel, aka the Ayatollah of Rock and Rollah, and Hack Myers, who's a pretty good jobronie. One thing about the ECW crowd, they know their stuff. On last week's TV, Myers was made an honorary Homie by the Public Enemy for the TV 6 Man against the Funks and Tommy Wet Dreamer. He was dubbed the Helpless Homie and the crowd called him that all night. The crowd loves the Rebel, at least in our section, and he played to us the whole match. It was surprisingly good. Breed got the pin when one came off the top with a DDT on Myers. Rebel did his consoling routine on Myers while the crowd cheered for him to turn, which he did to our immense pleasure. ***

Next we had everyone's favorite loser, Mikey Whipwreck, defend the TV title against Chad Austin. This was a weird match because they both worked very hard and did some good moves, but at times the timing was off and that caused what appeared to be a lot of potato shots. It was solid 3 star match that ended with Chad doing the Baton Legdrop from the top for the pin. Then, in a weird bit of booking, Austin pulls out brass knux and tells the ref he used them and gets DQ'd and Mikey keeps the belt. Chad's manager Jason then attacks Mikey and tears him up pretty good. Memo to Paul E. D.: It's time let Mikey win a little bit. You are in danger of wearing out the whipping boy gimmick. Tonight was a good start, but there is a ways to go.

Tommy Wet Dreamer then beat Steve Richards, who is a complete Shawn Michaels ripoff in appearance, in an awful match. Richards was managed by Angel. DDD, only because I don't do negative stars. It did get better in the post match though when Shane Douglas and Mr. Hughes, came out when Wet Dreamer called out Shane. Hughes nuked him with the sidewalk slam and a stiff chair-shot. For the first time ever, I was yelling for Hughes. Shane asks Angel to join him for his match and she does.

We had bedlam in the next match. The Pit Bulls, with Jason, were to wrestle The Taxmaniac and a Mystery Tax but Tod Gordon came out and said there were transportation problems and... That was all he got out before the Bulls attacked Tax, who on his way to the ring nuked a ringside photographer. All of Jason's guys blocked the ringway so that no one could help out Tax. Finally 911 comes out and makes his way to the ring and Hughes wails him with a chair. Paul E. comes out to attack Hughes and Jason attacks him and whoops him pretty well. It was the worst I ever saw Paul E. get beat on. Finally Sabu comes out and does a Rey Misterio Jr. over-the-top-rope-onto-the-floor rana/frankensteiner while the Tax does a monster suplex on the other Bull for the pin. As usual, the crowd heat was beyond intense and I gave the whole thing 3 stars.

Dueling canes. What a warped concept. Tommy Cairo, with Peaches, and the Sandman, with Woman, brutally wailed the piss out of each other with the Singapore canes. Sandman, the hero of the mutant beer drinking and cigarette smoking crowd, got a great ovation and did his butt schtick before the match. I love it. The match was beyond barbaric. As they hit each other with the canes, you could see the red welts arise. Sandman juiced his stomach and his arm, and nicked his finger by accident while Cairo bled from the head. Sandman finally got the win and lit up another butt. Match rating: SICK! (but great).

ECW Title match time, with Shane Douglas defending against Sabu in just about what you'd expect. Sabu made his entrance by crashing THROUGH a wall! The Ref was our boy Pee Wee (DO THE REF) and he did not belong in this match. The guys were great doing tons of hot moves. Sabu had Shane outside against a table on the ring ropes and was going to do the toaster tope on him when the lights went out. Bad circuit I guess. They got the lights back on and Sabu again got Shane out there and went for the tope. And missed it. Badly. He wiped into the table and Pee Wee appeared to not know if this was the finish or not, looking at Paul E as if asking what to do. Sabu was counted out, much to our dismay. There were a lot of "He ain't gonna have a long career so enjoy it while you can" comments. And I will. After they stretcher out Sabu, Paul E. hits Hughes in the head with the phone, and Hughes doesn't sell it. Hughes abuses Paul and 911, our hero, comes in and makes the save. First he chokeslams Pee Wee (DO THE REF), then he does Shane, then he does Hughes. The place is going nuts. 911 finally does Angel too. A lot of "smart" fans say dumb shit like "he can't work." They show their ignorance because 911 gets over perfect in his gimmick. He doesn't have to work!

Next we had the barbed wire tag match. No ropes, just wire. The Funks come out first and were cheered like Gods, which is fitting. Public Enemy come out to mostly no response, which is weird since they usually get cheered too, but after all, they were wrestling the Funks. PE goes up to the Eagle's Nest, where Terry hung Rocko by his leg last month. Terry gets the mic and says "These people paid to see a Bobbed Wire match so get down here you assholes." The crowd starts chanting "assholes." The match was fucking amazing. No other way to put it. Fucking amazing. The early part was feeling out and avoiding the wire. Finally, they started getting into it and in no time, all were bleeding heavily. Terry did his psychotic "call for the chairs" spot and I would guess that at least 50 idiots, threw chairs into the ring. While this is amazingly numbing to watch, it's crazy and is a lawsuit waiting to happen. The match went all over the ring a few times and Dory and Rocko went outside the Arena for a while. Terry nuked Johnny and then followed them. Dory came back with Rocko and had a trashcan that he used on Rocko, hitting him so hard he broke off the handle. Dory then hit the ref with the trash can. And finally came when Johnny took the wirecutters that the ref had and cut the wire down. He and Rocko wrapped Terry up in the wire, with the trashcan on his chest, and pinned him. After the match, Terry was a barbed wire, trash can battering ram wiping both guys out. Terry almost looked to enjoy it. He walked around after the match letting fans use the wire cutters to get him out of the barbed wire-trashcan entanglement. Match rating: REALLY SICK, but fabulous. Words really can't do it justice.

ECW AFFAIRS by Dave Scherer

All of the regulars backed out on me last night so I was left with a decision: Blow off the show or go solo to Wildwood. Since I am on vacation this week, WW is only a 25 minute ride, and I am a mutant, I went for it. I am damn glad I did. I'll bet all of you who bought the PPV wish that you went with me.

The advance for the show was nonexistent. Just so the folks at ECW know, you can blame the crappy ticket office at Wildwood Convention Hall which doesn't answer the phone. They use a friggin' answering machine! And they don't return calls! Despite of this, a crowd I would estimate at 200 showed up for a very good show. And as always, the mutant contingent was well represented.

I have to take a minute to commend the ECW guys on their work ethic. Unlike their counterparts in the (Not-so) Big Two, they didn't dog it a bit at the show. They worked their asses off. If I am beginning to sound like a shill for ECW, tough shit. I am. They put out a great product and I have yet to not get my money's worth.

The show opened with a Battle Royal. The winner got a shot at ECW Champ Shane Douglas and the other matches were determined by order of elimination. As luck would have it, and of course the luck is the brilliant booking of Paul E. Dangerously, guys got eliminated in consecutive order of the guys they are fending with. Instead of going into the order of elimination, I'll just say that Jimmy Snuka won and got the shot. ** 1/2

First up was my hero, Rockin' Rebel vs my fave jokroni, Hack Myers. Rebel is so abusive, he's hilarious. He was ripping out R rated one liners all night. Myers makes this weird noise whenever he does a move, and the crowd did it with him in unison whenever he did an offensive move. One guys yells at Rebel "Quit Moaning." Rebel says, "You're nother moaned like that last night." Cracked me up! Rebel, my hero, got the pin when he nailed Myers with a crotch shot. ***

In a TV Title return match from last night, Mikey Whipwreck defended against Chad Austin. Jason was there, and he also cracks me up. He has the Martel gimmick down pat, way better than Rick, and has major potential. Their match wasn't as good as Philly on Saturday, but they are young and tried hard and it was still decent. Mikey got pinned, but the Ref saw the Knux laying on the mat, asked the crowd, and DQ'd Austin. As I have said before, this gimmick is nearing its expiration date. ** 3/4

In another return match, that has not yet run its course for me as these guys work their ass off and have great matches, Tommy "Pay Your Bills" Cairo, with Peaches took on the Sandman, with Woman. The story here is that Sandman turned heel, leaving his wife behind and Cairo came to her rescue. Sandman has done great interviews saying, in essence, that Peaches is all Cairo's, as long as he pays for it and he has yet to "Pay his Bills!" Sandman comes out first to a huge pop, does the cigarette schtick, which I love, and he's carrying a cane. Newman, the sign guy who is on TV all the time, has a cane with him and a sign on it that says "Kairo Killer." When Tommy comes out, Newman sticks it in his face and Cairo pretends to take it. Sandman flicks his butt into Cairo's chest and we are under way in another stiff, violent match. I love these guys. They abuse the crap out of each other, and tonight was no exception. Sandman took bumps everywhere, over the railing, on the floor. It was great stuff. Finish came when Woman tried to bring the cane into the ring and Cairo took and used it and scored the pin. Afterwards though, my idol, the Sandman took it back and wailed Cairo. We had a "Pay your Bills" chant going. *** 1/2

Pit Bull I lost to the Tazmaniac in probably the best match I have seen the Pit in yet, as he did not go into his stall mode tonight. Good action throughout. End came when Pit took a chair from an abusive guy at ringside (who was trying to give it to Taz) and hit the ring. He missed Taz with it, hit the post, and chaired himself. Taz suplexed him and got the pin. Taz than suplexed Jason too. ***

First match after intermission was Sabu vs Ray Odyssey, with our favorite ref Pee Wee (DO THE REF). Sabu could have a good match with me, he's so good, and Odyssey was ok also. We got all of the patented Sabu spots, including the naked table. We had Paul B. and 911 at ringside, all for a spot show with 200 people. I briefly saw Tod Gordon on Saturday night while I was yakking with Dave Meltzer. I should have thanked him then. I'll do it now. THANKS! Anyhow, Sabu gets the pin with the reverse legdrop from the top rope and the 911 does the ref, though I was the only mutant chanting for it. Crowd loved it. *** 1/2.

Get ready to be shocked. Two of the lesser ECW wrestlers actually had an ok match. Mr. Hughes, with ECW Champ Shane Douglas, beat Tommy Dreamer, who worked hard enough to not deserve the "Wet" nickname tonight in a 2 1/2 star match. Shane was great, abusing the mutants. Three fat chicks would not shut up and he tells the ref to "Tell those bitches to shut their mouths." The abusive fan at ringside tell Hughes "You were no good as a football player and you're no good as a wrestler." Hughes says, "Your gonna's no good." Cracked us up. Finish came when Shane hit Dreamer with the belt.

Since all four of these guys got eliminated at the same time, what a stroke of luck, they made this an ECW Tag title match as the Public Enemy took on the Bad Breed/Few Good Men/Bottams. The Breed don't get enough credit. They are really pretty good workers. This match was psychotically violent and was all over outside the ring. Johnny Grunge takes out a hammer from under the ring and puts it in his corner. They wipe a table and Johnny starts using the bell on both guys, juicing one of the rottens in the back of the head, which lead to the pin. As Johnny is walking past me, I say "Johnny, you didn't get to use the hammer!" He looks at me and in this great, deadpan bad ass look and voice says "I didn't have to. Too friggin' cool! *** 3/4

Shane Douglas successfully defended the vaunted ECW Title against Superfly Snuka, who during the intermission they were selling pictures with for a few beanies. Not a great match from a work standpoint, but lots of old style psychology, which is something different anyway. Finish came when Fly went up for the splash and Hughes pushed him off, and Shane pinned him. After the match, Hughes and Shane were beating on Snuka when Tazmaniac makes the save. While this may sound like a little thing, it is indeed part of a bizarre concept that the creative voids running ECW have no clue about doing. It's called advancing the storyline. They do the "I love the fans schtick" and we all leave happy. ***

Again, I have to emphasize how great the effort was by these guys. On the ride home, I said to myself, "The ECW PPV is just ending. I wonder how many people feel violated." Then I wondered what kind of wild stuff Paul E. could have done if Hogan vs Flair dropped into his lap. Too bad we have to settle for what idiotic storylines Ric Flair's oatmeal cooking mind could come up with. Return dates are 8/12 in Wildwood and 8/13 at the Arena. Hope to see you there. Until next time....

Sucker Punch

BY BARRY ROSE



Before I begin this column let me express my extreme jealousy at all of my comrades who, judging from their wild stories, had a hell of a weekend in O-town. Maybe next time, buds...A couple of big rumors circulating this week. Apparently, The Ultimate Warrior has sent feelers to both WWF and WCW and is ready to negotiate. His main selling point to the good folks in Atlanta has been his claim of being "The only man to pin Hogan cleanly in the ring". I don't know about you, but the wrestling world could do without another one of those matches...From a reliable "inside" WCW source comes word that when Curt Hennig enters Turnerland later this year, it'll be in a Four Horseman position (along with Flair and Arn). Don't expect Tully to be a part of that group as it's already been reported elsewhere that he'll be a baby-face commentator for Jim Crockett's new promotion in the Carolinas. Crockett, who has claimed that he is "out of touch" with today's wrestling product, plans to use Tommy Rich and JYD as his top faces. If that is the case, then he was 100% on the money with his self analysis. Check your calendar, Jim! This isn't 1984, it's '94... And speaking of Tully, just caught a feature on him this morning on the 700 Club (for those who don't know, it's a religious syndicated program). Tully claimed that when his younger brother, Taylor, died in a car accident in the late 1970's, his parents (longtime wrestling figure Joe Blanchard) converted to Christianity. They tried, unsuccessfully, to get Tully to change his "evil ways", but Tully was "enjoying the wild lifestyle of a wrestler on the road and partying every night with women, booze, and cocaine". Blanchard said that after he purposely failed a WWF drug test in 1988 (purposely failed so that he could return to NWA/WCW, he claims) Ric Flair called him at 1:30 in the morning and told him that Jim Herd was adamant that he (Tully) wouldn't be allowed to return because of the failed test. Tully stated that he immediately turned to Jesus and read a letter which his parents had written to him 10 years earlier following their conversion which stated that all of the drugs and alcohol in the world couldn't save him, only Jesus could. The segment showed a lot of photos from his career and also his wife and daughter. Strange thing about this is-Tully came off totally believable and sincere! I'm the first one to admit that I'm a jaded fuck. I look at everything with a skeptical view, but the man seemed honest...Just got a look at CHAIRSHOTS enthusiast and California Wrestling promoter Ron Hed's Father's Day Bash 1994 featuring the suicidal ladder match between Sabu and Chris Candido. The tape contains six other matches, besides the Sabu-Candido bout, and is a must see for any hardcore enthusiasts. Also included on the video is a 10 minute music video recapping the evenings highlights as well as actual footage taken at a local hospital where manager J.R. Benson had quite a few stitches put in his head after a wicked Sabu CHAIRSHOT. Highly recommended for only \$15 (priority postage included). you can write Ron Hed at PO Box 730502, San Jose, CA 95173-0502. And as always, tell 'em CHAIRSHOTS sent ya!...I'm hesitant in even mentioning Mark "I'd sell my own mother to Ole Anderson for a quarter" Madden's recent arrival on the WCW hotline. Just proves that he really is a fuckin' scumbag after all, and that WCW doesn't give a shit who they put on their line. I think the Torch will be better off without this big pile of dung...And what exactly is WCW thinking with their complete burial of Bad Attitude (Bobby Eaton and Steve "I don't know why Dave Meltzer calls me George Washington" Keirn? This is a decent team with years of experience between them. The two matches on WCW Saturday Night with them doing jobs (the first a virtual squash match to a team that wouldn't even be together in a week and a half) were ridiculous. I'm not saying that these guys deserve the world tag straps, but they do deserve more than jobbing out for anybody who comes along (including their Bash dark match job to Brad and Brian Armstrong). If this is Flair's decision, he's making another big mistake...Mike Terry asked the all important question in the last issue of CS of "where is The Mighty Wilbur?" I'm happy to report that Wilbur is doing the same thing he was doing before he entered wrestling, painting at a Holiday Inn in Clearwater, Florida. At least it's more glamorous than working in a car wash in Tennessee, which I've heard that a few of the USWA workers do in their off time...Really enjoyed the recent Bret Hart V 1-2-3 Kid bout on Raw. Proof positive that Titan can appease the most diehard Hardcore when it wants too...That'll about wrap it up for this issue. We'll be back in a couple of weeks. In future issues you'll see the return of Pete Lederberg, Guest columns from guys like Matt Creamer and CCW promoter Ron Hed, as well as the debut of a new feature called THE SHEET ZONE, which will focus on wrestling sheets of the past. Already in the can are Ron Lemieux's ARENA REPORT and JD McKay's RINGSIDE REFLECTOR. Every fan of the wrestling sheet world should enjoy this. See ya soon!

HARDCORE

BY

JOHN "WHERE IS EVERYBODY?" HITCHCOCK 94-

WELL, HERE IS YOUR RASSLIN
REPORTER IN ORLANDO FOR
YOU KNOW WHAT!

NOTE
NEW
HAIR
CUT



OH JUST FALLING INTO
MY ROOM DAVE. (YOU
MET HIM LAST ISSUE).



LET'S SEE... LAST NIGHT...
ME AND A FAMOUS EX-SHEET
EDITOR AT HOUSE OF BABES-



IT AIN'T
NO MONS
VENUS BUT
NONETHELESS
IT WAS
BEEFYOTIFULL...

OH AND BY THE
WAY IT IS NOW
SUNDAY AT 9:00
IN THE FUCKING MORNING AND I
HAVE TOLD HITCH ON NUMEROUS
OCCASIONS THAT I CAN'T FUCKING
DRAW. WELL HITCH YOU'RE GONNA
BE GETTING A CALL FROM QUALMAN
ABOUT THAT VICIOUS UNWARRANTED
CHARACTER ASSASSINATION IN LAST
WEEK'S CHAIRSHOTS! FUCK YOU!

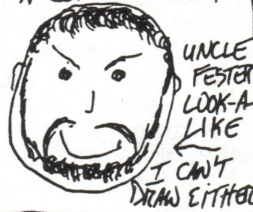


MAN, THE THANKS A
GUY GETS! SHIT DAVE.
NO BODY GET'S 'PUTS LIKE
THAT FOR FREE. YOU
OWE ME.

(ABOUT
35¢)



WE'RE HERE IN 'LANDO-
LAST NIGHT... HOUSE OF
BABES... THE L.M.
TRUTH FAIRY... THREE
(THAT'S 3!!) LAYERS!!
WHY IS IT THAT MOST
GRAP FANS ALSO ENJOY
BOOB BATS + PORNOS?
JUST A COINCIDENCE?



UNCLE
FESTER
LOOK-A-
LIKE
I CAN'T
DRAW EITHER

ALWAYS GOOD TO SEE
MY BIG MAN HITCH,
WHO'S HERE FOR
THE C-SHOTS
SPECIAL "TEAM COVERAGE"
IN 'LANDO - THAT
WAS A SORT OF SHOT
A CERTAIN TORCH GUY
WHO LIKES DUKE +
WHO AIN'T HERE.
AND SPEAKING OF GUYS
WHO AIN'T HERE...
WHERE'S OUR EDITOR?
HEY TRUTH FAIRY,
DID YOU GIVE
"MILLIE" SOME OF
YOUR "VANILLA"?

THAT DAMN BOWDREN
STOLE MY PEN! WELL-
GOOD OL' FREEDOM OF
SPEECH. AND WHY ISN'T
BAMMY HERE?



HERE IS A PHOTO OF BAMMY
THAT RON GOT FROM JEFF.



(NOTE NO BALLS ON THE CHAMP.)

AND NOW A WORD FROM
THAT ARENA REPORT WIZ
KID - RON LEMIELUX.



Don't believe
anything you've
read in this
strip previously.
They are all
LIES!!!!

And booker
man, who was
that blond that
had her tits
in your face.
Here's my mug
shot: the best
I can do.



RON
SELUR

Post PPU Party
Berkley wants
to do Reggie
Bennett's
sister weighing
in at a
buck ninety!!

The one and
only true
Rose

The Heartbreak Kid
Shannon Rose



SHOOTKICK!

WHO, BY THE
WAY, IS BARRY'S
LOVE CHILD?
HILITE OF THE
WIFE WAS "THE
KID" GETTING FAT
← BUT BITCH
SLAPPED BY
HIS "BEST FRIEND"
A HOOT!!

NORI (JAMIE FAN)
BOARDED FOR TAPE



I RESPECT YOU
DRUGS AND
JUNK FOOD

NOW CHAIRSHOT READERS
YOU HAVE HAD A TASTE
OF A 'GET TOGETHER'.
IS THAT A PMSOR MINUS?



J. Hitchcock 94